THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

A Woman's Journal

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE. NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

THE SPOILER.

[Congregationalist.]

A woman there was, and she wrote for the press
(As you or I might do.)
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savory mess,
But she never had done it herself, I guess,
(Which none of her readers knew.)

Oh, the hour we spent and the flour we spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand,
At the heft of a woman who never had cooked,
(And now we know that she never could cook)
And did not understand.

A woman there was, and she wrote right fair,
(As you or I might do.)
How out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair—
'Twould adorn any parlor and give it an air!
(And we thought the tale was true.)

Oh, the days we worked, and the ways we worked
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one could sit
Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was, and she had her fun,
(Better than you and I.)
She wrote out recipes, and she never tried one,
She wrote about children—of course she had none—
She told us to do what she never had done
(And never intended to try.)

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil
That brims the cup of disgrace—
It's to follow a woman who didn't know beans
(A woman who never had cooked any beans,)
But wrote and was paid to fill space.

FOLK-SONGS.

The following is a paper read before the Tuesday Morning Musical Club at its last meeting, by Dr. James A. Duncan:

I have taken as my theme Folk Song rather than folk music, because I believe that the words were in existence long before there was anything that we could call a tune, and because in discussing the theme from this point of view I believe I can best serve the purpose of your committee in appointing me to read this paper. Folk song, like the fairy tales that delighted us in childhood, and which many of us now read for an entirely different reason, belongs to such a remote antiquity that its origin must be largely speculative. Like many other students of folk lore I have my own theory, which I give you for what it is worth, it being, of course, your privilege to adopt it or to adopt any other that may better please yon.

Music in its possibilities is well nigh universal; in its expression it is, in forms more or less crude, to be found everywhere. The wind through the pines whispers in tones other than those heard when it sweeps over sea or plain. Crude metals and minerals, in which music slept for ages, give forth their harmonies when awakened, like the daughter of the gods by the hero's kiss, to the life-giving touch of human genius. So in man music lies, and so far as we can learn it is among the earliest expressions he has given of his thought. Our oldest literature is in poetic form, as though men first chanted in at least a semi-song, before they wrote their thoughts in prose. It may be that when the warrior first learned to cry for help, or to shout his victory he began to learn that a musical tone carried farther than a mere noise, and so soon learned to chant his joys and his woes. It may be that he learned to chant as rythm was suggested to him by the labors he was learning to perform in the building of houses, and the rocking back and forth of infants in his arms. But however these things may be I hold the ground that the music of the early ages of man came into being because it is man's most natural expression of himself.

As we study this folk music one thing impresses us strongly, that each nation has its own. So far as music itself is concerned, that written by a German may be played by a Frenchman, but there is for all that a wide difference between French and German music. So far as the theme of the song is concerned, and the meter in which it is written goes, there is very little difference in the songs of the nations. All sing of love and war, and yet there is a cadence in the song of each nation belonging peculiarly to that nation. And just here is the fundamental difference between folk music and other music—folk song and other song. Folk music, like the folk tales, is the product not of an individual, but of a people. Folk song is the nation's musical wild flower, which is as truly its own as the moss growing under the snow ten thousand feet above the level of the sea is different from that which grows in some sweet dell in the Floridas.

The melodies to which these old songs are sung are very simple. I think that in the first instance they must have been chants, the compass of the music confined to but few notes, and all singers taking a single part—the men perhaps an octave lower than the women. In parts of Russia to-day where some of these old songs are sung by the peasants, one member of the party will sing a single note throughout the entire piece, while the rest carry the melody. This is for one of two reasons—either in order to preserve the pitch, for the music being unwritten and unaccompanied by any instrument must have some guide, or else the tonic held throughout, as an organist will hold a pedal note, is found to give strength and background to the simple melody.

Let me give you from the Danish one of these old chants. No one knows how old it is, nor how many minds have entered into its framing. It reminds one of the story of Orpheus charming the trecs, and yet it is not Greek. It is the chant of the musician telling of his power. It smells of a sea-girt land; of a land, too, where there is much of beauty, but of a land where there is a constant struggle for life, and where liberty is prized:

"I know a song by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies and render their weapons of no effect. I know a song which I have only to sing when men have loaded me with bonds, for the moment I sing it my chains fall in pieces and I walk forth at liberty. I know a song useful to all mankind, for as soon as hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it they are appeased. I know a song of such virtue that if I be caught in a storm I can hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm."

Not in praise of the power of song, but a song through which strong passion breathes, invincible courage, if not invincible music, comes to us from old England. We can trace it as far back as the sixth century, but there it is lost, like the river's source in the heart of some impenetrable fastness in the mountains. High up on the slopes of a distant past these songs were cradled, and no man will ever know the pains which brought them forth. This one carries us back to a sun-worshiping time, and has in it not a little of Persian thought, but the fierceness of its spirit belongs to the heroes in the forests of Brittany:

"Blood and wine, and dance to thee O, Sun!
Blood and wine and dance!
And dance and song! Song and battle! And dance and song!
Dance of the sword in a circle, dance of the sword!
Song of the blue sword which loves murder!
Song of the blue sword!
Battle where the savage sword is king!
Battle of the savage sword!
O, sword! O, great king of the battle-field!
O, sword! O, great king!
Let the rainbow shine on thy forehead,
Let the rainbow shine!

The very fierceness of this old folk song, or rather chant, makes one shudder and be grateful that the times are not as they were when men could exultingly sing such songs. And yet, whatever of courage there is among the English speaking folk to-day had its origin in the very spirit that made our ancestors think of heaven as the glorious place of warriors eternally at battle, chanting their battle-hymns to the music of clashing spear and sword ringing on opposing shield. And yet there is both power and poetry in this bloodthirsty chant, "Let the rainbow shine on thy forehead, let the rainbow shine!" The battle is over, victory is won; the clouds of battle have passed; the sun looks out in his beauty and over the blood-drenched field; defeat to one and victory to another; the evening rays of light are poured in glory. Let the rainbow shine!

But let us turn to a song of another sort. We are in sunny Greece. War is forgotten, and love—as old as Paradise, as new and fresh as the morning—is in the heart of the singer. He is not a too happy singer, but his melancholy is that of Orlando in the forest of Arden, and not the hopeless sorrow of Othello, who learns too late of the faithfulness of Desdemona.

"Stars, O, little stars of mine!
Stars of eve, and stars of morn!
Stars of morning, all love-lorn!

Came the dawn, and still I roved,
There where lived the maid I loved.
In her quarter, all love-lorn!

And the neighbors questioned me:
'Say, where rovest thou at morn,
In our quarter, all love-lorn?'

Lives a maiden here I love:
'Tis to see this maid I rove,
And to tell her I'm love-lorn.

'Tell us what she's like, this belle;
Perhaps we've seen her, who can tell?
And perchance we know her well.'

Black her eyes, her brows are black,
Her neck like crystal is, alack!
And men are maddened for her sake."

This song is far more fully developed than the song of the sword That is crude and fierce. This is polished like the shield of the sun-god. It is not so old as the other, is one reason; but the deeper reason perchance is that it comes to us from a different people, a people far more light-hearted, though they were brave and could be both fierce and cruel, did occasion demand it.

Here is a little bit that has a vein of humor in it. It illustrates the place song held in the life of the people in other days. We are told that in some places a man who could not sing was looked upon as we now look upon one who cannot read, so common, and so universally was song cultivated:

"Wolde to God it wolde please you some day,
A ballad boke before me for to lay,
And learn me for to sing, re, mi, fa, sol,
And when I fayle, bobbe me on the noll."

In the folk songs of New Mexico, songs which they must have gotten through an intermingling of ancient Spanish and American Indian, there is no such thing as humor. Though the music, like most of the music of the folk songs, is in a major rather than in a minor key, yet the song has oftener than otherwise a vein of sadness. This is true both of the war songs and of the love songs, and most of the folk songs may be grouped under one or the other of these heads. Here is an exquisite bit finely illustrative of this:

"O love, your passion passes understanding;
"I understand it, yes, but 'twill not be expressed.
I go to hide your passion and your anguish,
There in the tomb, where only can I be at rest.

Ah! like him who has an harmonica
And not the knowledge to play.
So you, the world untuned to him forever,
Who feels, but feeling, has no power to say."

There may be the same depth of passion in this that there is in the fierce chant: "If we fall pierced with the sword in the fight we shall baptize ourselves with our blood and die with joyous heart." But how totally different is both the method of expression and the quality of the tone.

The effect of the folk music upon modern music, while not always distinctly traceable, is nevertheless real; indeed it is vital. To see clearly what I mean one has only to think of the effect of the Arthurian legends on the mind and art of Tennyson, and of the Teutonic myths upon the music of Wagner. Grieg, possibly more than in any other modern composer, the effect of folk music can be most clearly seen. Here we see a man steeped in the folk music of Norway. Although he acquired his technique in Germany and was powerfully influenced by Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schumann, nevertheless he preserves the national flavor of Norway in a truly wonderful manner. There is but one way to account for this. He was a Norwegian by birth and at heart. He loved his people and their ways, and the wild flowers of folk song were planted in the soil of his spirit to come forth with more gorgeous coloring and with richer perfume. It is here that we see the value of folk music. It will repay study for its own sake, for it is as pathetic as the cry of a child for its mother, and as beautiful as the wild violets in the springtime; but its chief value lies in its ability to enable the composer to preserve the national flavor of his music, and so give to the world not only music, but his music, that note which in the symphony of mankind it has been given his nation to sing.

In closing this brief summary, for summary it only is, one cannot discuss so large a theme with adequacy in the brief time necessarily allotted to this paper, let me call your attention to just one ballad, a form the folk song early assumed. It comes to us from Yorkshire. It is in the form of a duet, he and she singing alternate verses:

THE SONG OF THE FARMER'S SON.

Sweet Nellie, my heart's delight,
Be loving and do not slight
The proffer I make
For modesty's sake:
I honor your beauty bright,
For love I profess, I can do no less:
Thou hast my favor won.
And since I see, Your modesty, I pray you agree,
And fancy me, Though I'm but a farmer's son.

No! I am a lady gay, It is very well known, I may
Have men of renown in country or town:
So Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget or Sue, Kate, Nancy or Prue,
Their loves will soon be won:
But don't you dare to speak me fair,
As if I were at my last prayer, To marry a farmer's son.

My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year and more,
Besides sheep and cows, Carts, harrows and plows;
His age is above three-score.
And when he does die, Then merrily I,
Shall have what he has won,
Both land and kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's son.

A fig for your cattle and corn;
Your proffered love I scorn;
'Tis known very well, My name it is Nell,
And you're but a bumpkin born.

Well, since it is so, away I'll go,
And I hope no harm is done.
Farewell, adieu! I hope to woo, as good as you,
And win her too, Though I am but a farmer's son.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree;
For man, I protest, I was but in jest:
Come prythee sit down by me;
For thou art the man, That verily can,
Win me, if ever I'm won.
Therefore I shall be at your call,
To marry a farmer's son.

Our Cousins in Uniform.

W. C. T.

Reports from the Transvaal show an unusually large per cent of fatalities among the British officers. The list shows that while 76 enlisted men have been killed and 435 wounded, 18 officers have been killed and 55 wounded. One dead officer to every four dead men! It is calculated that in ordinary circumstances one officer falls to each twenty-five men. At Glencoe the proportion of killed to wounded among the men was thirty to one hundred and fifty-six, while ten officers were killed to twenty-two wounded. In the American war with Spain one officer was killed for each twelve men killed—and this mortality rate among the officers was more than twice as great as ordinarily results in battle, as shown by past experience. And the mortality among British officers in the Transvaal is three times greater than this.

The United States military tactics teach officers not to unnecessarily expose themselves or their men, but to take every advantage of protection that offers. Each man is expected to protect himself as well as he can on the firing line. This is the sensible method, but the white man was a long time in adopting tactics employed by the Indian, who has always regarded his white brother as a fool for unnecessarily exposing himself in battle. Many soldiers lost their lives in the civil war by scorning the friendly protection of trees, rocks, ditches, etc. They thought it an indication of cowardice to thus seek protection for their bodies. But many got them got bravely over that false idea as they learned something of the art and science of war. Fighting in the open at short range, in some cases sensible when the old-fashioned, slow-loading, short-range gun was employed, is not permissible now, when the rapid-fire, long-range gun would make such method merely useless slaughter.

The British tactics do not require officers to lie down, and it has never been the custom in the British army. English officers apparently feel that they cannot afford to depart from the old way, which has always been to lead their men, and the British soldier, whether he be a stolid Englishman, a sturdy Scot or a dashing Irishman, is taught to follow where the officer leads, even into the arms of death or the jaws of hell. The British soldier requires leadership, and he never lacks leaders. British officers are drawn exclusively from the upper classes—men who by birth and training possess the requirements of leadership, and who do not falter in their duties. There are no braver men in the world than those who compose the British army. English courage and chivalry have for centuries compelled the admiration of the world. From Acre and Ascalon, Crecy and Agincourt, Fontenoy, Balaklava and Waterloo, all the way, the splendid courage, that spirit of determination which dies not, and the enduring bravery of the British soldier shine forth in undying splendor. The spirit of King Arthur and Richard Cœur de Leon still survives; Clive and Sir Herbert Edwardes and Colin Campbell have their counterparts when occasion calls, and the acts of chivalry and the knightly deeds of song and story are repeated over and over by a race which has survived for centuries without decadence and which has steadily grown in splendor and greatness.

The British soldiery in the Transvaal are fighting a foe who knows how to fight and to die, and the war will add new names to the list of the living and the dead heroes, from general officers to Tommy Atkins of the trenches. Doubtless the Victoria Cross will gleam where it has not shown before. It is worth something to read of Piper MacKenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who marched to glory in the very teeth of death at Atbara in the Soudan, piping "Bonnie Dundee," while his clothes were being torn with bullets and dyed with his own blood; and of Alan Stuart, of the Cameron Highlanders, who stood on the breastworks and piped "The March of the Cameron Men" until shot to pieces, and who died crying "Scotland forever;" or of Pipers Kidd and Findlater, of the Gordon Highlanders, the immortal Gay Gordons, who piped away at Dargai after their legs had been shot through. It is worth something, I say, to read of such things, and while one may feel that the display of courage by the British officers in the Transvaal is rather more reckless than necessary, it compels admiration nevertheless. It may seem pitiful that these splendid fellows should be slaughtered by a hidden foe, shot down from an unseen source, but perhaps, after all, it is not wholly waste of courage. They who die thus do not die in vain; they help to write with their blood in imperishable characters the history of their country and their race—a race which has that admirable and magnificent contempt for death when duty calls to danger. Said a Frenchman of the charge of the Light Brigade: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." May be so, but it shows what heroic stuff the English soldier is made of, and that is something. Said a greater Frenchman: "L'infanterie Anglaise est la meillur du monde; heureusement il n'y en a pas beaucop." The British soldiers are our kinsmen; they are Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen—

"Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon"—

and whether in the Crimea, the Soudan or the Transvaal they have had and have the sympathy born of kinship, as we unquestionably had theirs in our late war with Spain. "Blood is thicker than water" was the inscription on a silver brick presented by Americans to Captain Lorraine, of the British vessel Niobe, who hurried from Jamaica to Santiago de Cuba and put a stop to the massacre of the victims of the American vessel Virginius by the Spaniards. And so it is. The American and the English flags float over the two greatest and best governments the world has ever known, and they have not been founded alone by wise statesmanship, but by that splendid courage and valor without which no people can ever become great and no nation long endure. In the march of civilization the Anglo-Saxon leads the van.

A Lost Art.

And behold, one who left the city when he was but a youth to seek his fortune otherwise, returned after many, many years. Wealth had met him in his travels, and honor had crowned him with her wreath, and he returned to the old home to look again upon the scenes of his childhood.

And behold, he walked along the street called Gay and wondered at the handsome buildings standing where he had once played at the ball, and was delighted at the largeness of the trade manifested by the busy keepers of the shops. But there was one thing at which he wondered more than at all others, for he was a courtly man and had been ever in the habit of doffing his hat to a passing maiden and treating all with a grave and beautiful courtesy. And as he walked he heard a maiden's voice saying "Hello," and looking up, behold, he saw it was a greeting to a young man, and the young man was coatless and was smoking a cigarette, nor was he ashamed, nor did he drop the cigarette, but, puffing the same, walked along the street with the maiden. And as they walked they met other young men and maidens and they did greet one another with the same "Hello," and the hat was not always doffed, but there was a waggle of the hand instead.

And the old man knew not the strange ways, nor did he understand them, but pondering the matter closely he decided that it must be some sort of holiday and these greetings were not the exchange of courtesies among the leisure classes, but must be those of busy housemaids and young day-laborers. And he wondered to see the same looking so fresh and sweet and withal so delicately clothed, and he said to himself that in all the countries through which he had travelled never had he seen the ordinary wage-worker so well cared for.

And as these thoughts were in his mind and his wrinkled brow was somewhat clearing with what seemed to him the solution of this strange problem he heard a sweet voice say "Hello," and looking around, behold there were maidens in a lovely carriage, and diamonds sparkled not more brightly than did their eyes; and they were dressed in garments of exquisite texture, and the same did fit them most perfectly, so that the maidens looked lovely in his eyes, nor could he fail to note the refinement in the tones of the voice. And with his hand he rubbed his eyes and said to himself, "Is this a dream, or did I actually hear the young miss say "Hello," and did I actually see her waggle the hand as a greeting to the young man?" And lo! it was no dream, but the same was real; and whithersoever he went throughout the city the same sound of the "Hello" greeting was before him, and he was
and went to the hotel and sa
and pondered deeply upon t
And, behold, one who was
a philosopher came and sat
whom he told the story of t
and the strange things h
And the philosopher smil
about to speak, when there
den tinkling of a little bell.
said the philosopher, "th
spoken for me. In that yo
solution of your problem."

And for a moment the
man was perplexed, and his
tracted, but soon they cle
saw what the philosopher
the same was right, for it
phone greeting. The wag
hand is the belle ringing u
man, using the wireless tel
the street, and the "Hello"
ple announcement that the
has been made.

And the old man bowed h
said, "I like better the cou
doffed hat and the mod
smile."

Gossip From Gc

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—You
found strength enough, I
wing its way to me over
miles, and I rejoice over
HOWEE ECHO and all it
Accept congratulations
wishes.

And now for somethin
"interest and not excite t
THE ECHO," you say. A
of the injurious effect of
ment upon your class o
would have said a Kno
public might safely sw
diet without suffering
tion. The weather h
charming. New Yor
attractive as during
The women were somew
to attire, and have bee
streets with interme
that seemed especially
the dazzling Indian
Then one would have sa
is fashionable
ing distance of November, the styles become more positive and one feels a little doubt about the set of her left-over skirt and revised bodice. Mildred amused us very much the other day. She really looked very correct, after assuming her early fall tailor-made "peau de soie" with its clinging sheath-skirt, its white stitched cloth revers—a funny touch that, cloth on silk—and a love of a fluffy white tie, fixed close to her pretty chin. Of course hat, gloves and boots were all they should be; trust Milly for a keen look after the accessories. She was going with one of her numerous Southern friends (?) for a drive—I'm not sure if to the Park or Riverside. At any rate a surprisingly short time and she was back all in a frump over something, as could be seen with one eye. We let her alone, and sure enough it all came out. "I hate New York particularity," she said. "Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "I thought everything New York was the one and only." "You never know what to count on," she continued with vehemence. "I felt all right when I started. But you should have seen driving New York in its new rigging. Just all at once, in a day, they've changed into their extremest winter things, and it's not really winter yet. I couldn't stand it. You know I can't talk when I'm badly dressed (nor any other woman) so I made an excuse and came home." That's just like Milly for all the world, as you know.

And what she said is perfectly true. Beware! for feel as fine as you may in Knoxville or Atlanta, nine chances to one you find yourself out of it here, unless you make a study of changing modes with changing seasons. Stick to the Bazar, if you can't dive into many fashion papers, and you're pretty apt to be up-to-date.

But you may be sure Milly was not canght napping again. We sallied forth, on shopping intent, and the result will delight you, I'm sure. This time I will only "glimpse" the fashions and leave details for the future. By the way, did I say that I'm much complimented that you want me in your paper. I am, and whenever there's anything strikes me as proper to be echoed you shall have it.

We may kick as we choose against tight skirts (I mean the stretched, bias seamed abominations that always make a woman look as if she'd inadvertently got her gown on hind-part before), but it's no good, for they've come to spend the winter at least. Do you feel an almost uncontrollable impulse to back out of everywhere? I do, and one thing sure, I'll turn my back on nobody with malicious intent. The only permissable

[Concluded on Second Page.]